HYMN XVIII.

PRAYER.

I.

PRAY without ceaſing (ſays the Saint)
Nor ever in the ſpirit faint;
With grace the bloom, and faith the root,
The pray'r ſhall bring eternal fruit.

When

II.

When the great Seer ſad news did bring
To Ahab, e'en that wicked king!
Hear what the word of mercy ſays,
Spare thou the man, "behold he prays."

III.

Our hopes Chriſt Jeſus to elate,
Has bid us be importunate,
And with the buſtling widow vie,
That triumph'd over tyranny.

IV.

'Tis peace, 'tis dignity, 'tis eaſe,
To bleſs the Lord upon our knees;
The voice and attitude of fear,
For God's own eye, for God's own ear.